

The Tobacco Plant.

"HERE SHALL THE PRESS THE PEOPLE'S RIGHTS MAINTAIN, UNAWED BY INFLUENCE AND UNBRIED BY GAIN."

VOL. XV.--NO. 44.

DURHAM, N. C., WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1886.

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W. G. BURKHEAD, - Editor.
NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.
All correspondents are hereby notified that to insure the insertion of their communications they must furnish us with their true name and address, which we shall be obliged to keep in strict confidence. Write on one side only of your paper.
The plant is in no wise responsible for the views of its correspondents.
Address all communications to
THE TOBACCO PLANT,
DURHAM, N. C.

MY ANGEL.

Slowly the night is falling,
Falling down from the hill,
And all in the low green valley,
The dew lies heavy and chill.
The crickets cry in the hedger,
And the bats are circling low,
And like ghosts through the blossoming
The shimmering night-moths go.
Hand in hand through the twilight
Come the children, every one,
Flashed with their eager frolic,
Tawny with wind and sun;
Home from the sunny upland,
Where the sweet wild berries grow,
Home from the tangled thicket,
Where the nuts are ripening slow.
They mock at the owl's wailing laughter,
And the cricket's lonesome cry,
And the early swallows' chirp,
Late through the darkening sky,
And steadily gliding after
Through the dusk of the shadowy street,
Come their little angel sister,
Star-walking from her head to her feet—
Never crossing the threshold,
Come they early or late;
With her empty hands on her bosom
She steps at the cottage gate.
I stretch out my hands in longing,
But she flies from my aching sight,
As a little white cloud at morning
Vanishes into the light.
And spite of the shining garments
Faded about her now,
And spite of the deadliness beauty
Frowning her lip and brow,
I wish for one passionate moment
She sat on my knee again;
On her feet so soft and tender
The dust and the earthy stain,
For missing her morning and evening,
The bitterest thought must be
That she with her blessed kindred
The child hath no need of me,
And counting her hours of birthday
I say in my jealous rage:
"The babe that lay on my bosom
Hath grown to maiden fair,
And now I fear of the glory
Her new life will surely shine,
Could I guess the beautiful changing
Had ever on earth been mine?
I should veil my eyes at her splendor,
But never forget her in longing,
For the clinging hands of my baby,
And the mouth that kissed me back."
Yet though in my human blindness
I cannot fathom His way,
Who counts in his glorious eyes
A thousand worlds as a day,
Whenever the cross is lifted,
Whenever I tread the tile,
Mine own will He surely guide,
And I shall be satisfied.

CHRIST'S FINISHED WORK.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon, Preached Sunday Morning, Oct. 24th.
"I have finished the work which Thou gavest me to do."
The profound satisfaction in the completion of anything we have undertaken. We lift the stone with exultation, while, on the other hand, there is nothing more dispiriting than, after having toiled in a certain direction, to find that our time is wasted and our investment profitless. Christ came

TO THROW UP A HIGHWAY

on which the whole world might, if it chose, mount into heaven. He did it. The four-mouthed crew who attempted to tread on Him could not extinguish the sublime satisfaction which He expressed when He said, "I have finished the work which Thou gavest me to do."

NOT REGULARLY GRADUATED

was against Him. If a man comes with the diplomas of colleges and schools, and the logic of sciences, and he has been through foreign travel, the world is disposed to listen. There was a man who had graduated at no college, had not in any academy, by ordinary means, learned the alphabet of a language he spoke, and yet he proposed to talk, to instruct in subjects which had confounded the mightiest intellects. John says: "The Jews marvelled, saying, how hath this man letters, having never learned?"

THE BREVITY OF HIS LIFE

was against Him. He had not come to what we call life. But very few men do anything before thirty-three years of age, and yet that was the point at which Christ's life terminated. The first fifteen years he spent in a carpenter's shop, and then it will take you at least six years to get into your occupation or profession. That will bring you to twenty-one years. Then it will take you ten years, at least, to get established in your life work, correcting the mistakes you have made. If any man, at thirty-three years of age, gets fully established in his life work, he is an exception. Yet that is the point at which Christ's life terminated.

AN UNHERALDED YOUNG MAN

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A MOMENTOUS MISSION

He would have turned back from it disgusted and discouraged. He saw you in a captivity from which he was resolved to extricate you, though it cost him his sweat, all tears, all his strength, and his very life to save you. He came from Bethlehem here, through the place of skulls, through the charnel house, through banishment. There was not among all the ranks of celestials one who could do as much for you. I lay his crushed heart at your feet to-day.

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They felt the solid earth under them, and yet Christ said: "I bear up the pillars of this world." They looked at the moon. He said, "I will turn it into blood." They looked at the sea. He said, "I will hush it." They looked at the stars. He said, "I will shake them down like untimely figs." Did ever one so young say things so bold? It was all against Him.

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attempting to command the attention of the world! As well some little fishing village on Long Island shore attempt to arraign New York. Yet no sooner does He set His foot in the town or cities of Judea than everything is in commotion. The people go out on a picnic, taking only food enough for a day, yet are so fascinated with Christ that, at the risk of starving, they follow Him out into the wilderness. A nobleman falls down before him and says: "My daughter is dead." A beggar tries to rub the dimness from his eyes, and says: "Lord, that my eyes may be opened." A poor, sick, panting woman presses through the crowd and says: "I must touch the hem of His garment." Children who love their mother better than any one else struggle to get into His arms, and to kiss His cheek, and to run their fingers through His hair, and for all time putting Jesus son in love with the little ones that there is hardly a nursery in Christendom from which He does not take one, saying: "I must have them. I will fill heaven with these; for every cedar that I plant in heaven I will have fifty white lilies. In the hour when I was a poor man in Judea they were not ashamed of me, and now that I have come to a throne I do not despise them. Hold not back, O weeping mother! Lay it on my warm heart. Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

WE HAVE A SYMPATHIZER

You cannot tell Christ anything new about hardship. I do not think that wide ages of eternity will take the scars from his punctured side, and his lacerated temples, and his sore hands. You will never have a burden weighing so many pounds as that which Christ carried up the bloody hill. You will never have any suffering worse than he endured when, with tongue hot, and cracked, and inflamed, and swollen, he moaned: "Thirst." You will never be surrounded by worse hostility than that which stood around Christ's feet, foaming, reviling, livid with rage, howling down his prayers and snuffing up the smell of blood. O ye faint-hearted, oh ye troubled, oh ye persecuted one, here is a heart that can sympathize with you!

A MOMENTOUS MISSION

He would have turned back from it disgusted and discouraged. He saw you in a captivity from which he was resolved to extricate you, though it cost him his sweat, all tears, all his strength, and his very life to save you. He came from Bethlehem here, through the place of skulls, through the charnel house, through banishment. There was not among all the ranks of celestials one who could do as much for you. I lay his crushed heart at your feet to-day.

HELENA, THE EMPRESS

went to the Holy Land to find the spot where the infant Jesus lay. Land there were three crosses erected, and the question was which of the three crosses was Christ's cross. They took a dead body, tradition says, and put it upon one of the crosses, and there was no life; and they took the dead body and put it upon another cross, and there was no life. But tradition says when the dead body was put up against the third cross it sprang into life. The dead man lived again. Oh, that the life-giving power of the Son of God might start your dead soul into an eternal life, beginning this day!

THE PRESIDENT AND HIS PRESENTS

Among the wedding presents tendered President Cleveland last June was a grand piano, the gift of Mr. William Steinway, of New York. It has been subject to his order, and yesterday was sent over to "Red Top" and placed in the parlor. Speaking of the piano, the President has been told that during President Grant's term nearly every room in the White House was furnished with a piano until the number got so large that the servants' room in the basement had to be used to store them in. Nearly every maker of pianos in the country thought it a duty to present the General with being over half a mile away. The cost of running one out to "Red Top" would be too great for the benefit conferred, so that the elegant candelabras presented to Mrs. Cleveland will furnish part of the parlor and dining-room decoration.

REPUBLICANS NOT AT SENATOR DAWES

Senator Henry L. Dawes was one of the speakers at a Republican rally held recently in Boston. The manner in which he was received showed that he had lost his hold on the Republicans in this part of the State. No sooner had he begun his address than the entire audience began to yawn and scrape their feet. This was followed by the ringing of electric bells, hooting and cheering for John D. Long, the opponent of Mr. Dawes in the coming Senatorial contest. The meeting became so boisterous that Gov. Robinson was compelled to inform the audience that he was presiding over the meeting and that they could preside at some other meeting. He was obliged to come to the rescue of the Senator no less than three times. The affair is now talk and ex-Gov. Long's friends refer to it as a very significant straw.

Mrs. Stewart's Last Hours.